Cannibal Stuff

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Cannibal Stuff

by AdmiralApathy

Summary

Hannibal visits his twin brother in New York City and meets the most lovely bookshop cashier. While Nigel just NEEDS his brother to screw off somewhere else.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Allie Joe's

Blood spewed upon impact, splattering upon the pavement. Nigel liked his guns, he liked them a lot, but sometimes there's something so much more gratifying about punching the lights out of a cunt than putting a bullet through their knee cap. Nigel was pissed, and rightly so. He missed the electricity bill for last month and Adam was pissed at him. Even though he was the one to tell Adam to put the account on automatic pay from his bank.

So here he is, hasn't been laid in a four days solid and then, of course, this little shit comes up to him and starts talking smack about how he and Darko ran business. Nigel just thanked God for delivering him some form of stress reliever.

He considered taking up meditation, but he couldn't handle the way it silenced the voices in the back of his head. It made him feel agitated. He turned his attention back to the kid. "Now, next time you open your fucking mouth, you'll think twi-" His cell phone started to ring.

Nigel sighed and let the kid drop to the ground, fumbling around his pant's pocket. He raised it to see an unknown number. Movement caught in the corner of his eye, that little shit was trying to leave while he was distracted. Nigel grabbed him by the collar with one hand and answered the phone with the other.

"Don't. Fucking. Move...This is Nigel, who the fuck is this?"

"Good afternoon, Nigel. Eloquent, as always. I expected no different" He immediately dropped the kid while holding the phone away from his face, "The fuck you doing lying around for?! Get out of my fucking face, you're dirtying up the fucking floor, you cunt!" He brought the phone back to his ear. "Listen you asshole, I don't know what you did this time but I told you back in October that that was the last fucking time I was going to do you a favor. I don't care if we're brothers or not"

"That's not why I was calling. Although, I suppose that would be great to know in the future. When you're in trouble, I won't hesitate to let you drown either"

"Sure, whatever, I don't give a fuck. What do you want?"

".....I merely thought about visiting my little brother and-"

"Little brother? By like two fucking minutes, don't kid yourself. Just like I won't kid myself. You need to lay low don't you?"

"....."

"You're already on your way here, aren't you?" The silence continued, "You are such an asshole, you know that?....Just count yourself lucky that I still have an apartment" Although, he didn't spend much time there lately.

"Why would you not have an apartment?"

"None of your fucking business, that's why" He sighed, "When will you be here?"

"I would say...around 3 pm" Nigel looked at the clock. It was already 2: 28 pm. "Damn it, Hannibal....Fine, I'll be there to let you in" He hung up the phone and went looking for Darko. He was going home early today.

Will noticed the man, the instant he walked through the door. He wore a striped three-piece suit with a phone to his ear. He wasn't sure if it was impressive or obnoxious. He was leaning more towards obnoxious. "I would say...around 3 pm....Thank y-". The man looked affronted by the person on the other end of the line. "you...Well, that was rude. Excuse me, sir. Can you tell me where I can find your psychology section?"

Will messed around the computer to avoid looking at him, "Oh yeah, it's the second shelf from the back on your right". He glanced briefly in the handsome stranger's direction and almost immediately regretted it when the man returned his gaze with a dashing smile. "Thank you"

Will was having a good day so far. A minimum of difficult costumers and Adam hasn't mentioned moving out yet. For two weeks, they have been having the same argument over and over. When are you going to move out? What about your position as a professor? Don't they need you back to teach again for next semester? So what he didn't have any plans for the next semester yet. He just wanted to make sure Adam was going to be okay on his own. Although Nigel was proving to be quite the partner for his dear twin, there was still

something off about that guy and he was determined to get to the bottom of it. His inquisitive nature wouldn't allow him to let it go.

A shadow appeared in his peripheral vision. The man from earlier was back. Will picked up the book handed to him and almost dropped it in surprise. Fucking hell, it was his book, the "Emotional Sociopath: The Study of Serial Killers and the Bonds They Form" by William Graham. He didn't think even know Adam was selling it.

"Did you find all that you were looking for today, sir?"

"Yes, I did indeed. Thank you for your assistance earlier"

"That's an interesting book you've got there. Not many pick this one off the shelf. I assume the owner only carries it because he has a..um, personal attachment to the author"

"Oh, really. I'm not surprised it's for sentimental reasons. The book leaves much to be desired. I'm only reading it because my profession dictates I keep up to date as much as I can"

"Excuse me?" Will squared his jaw "And what profession do you work in?"

"I'm a psychiatrist and a-"

"Of course, you're a freaking psychiatrist. I was worried for a second that you would be capable of providing actual criticisms instead of mere complaints. I apologize that the behavioral habits behind the pathology of severely mentally ill serial killers is a bit too difficult for you to grasp. They're a bit more complicated than your middle age housewife patients going through menopause" Will ran the book through the scanner before bagging it up.

"That'll be $42.37" The man narrowed his eyes at Will.

"For your information, I also consult on a variety of FBI criminal profiles. Which you would have heard if you had not so rudely interrupted me mid-sentence" His smile from earlier was all but wiped clean. He closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, "May I acquire your business card?" Will almost sneered.

"Yeah, it's on the back of that book" Will couldn't help the smug grin as the man turned the

book over and saw his picture on the back of it. And to think, Will fought so hard to dissuade his editor from putting his portrait on the back of it.

They met eyes again, "That still does not excuse your rudeness"

"And like you weren't rude by insulting my book? You haven't even read it"

"I suppose..I may have been...acting under certain assumptions from fellow academics...but your defensiveness belies your insecurities. Although, I will admit to the necessity of an apology"

"Oh, well, I accept then"

"I meant from you. This is no way to run a service"

"...excuse me? Do you expect me to give you lip service with a stupid smile on my face? This may be a service but I'm not your fucking servant. If you don't like how I manage my station you can just leave!"

"WILL!" His head spun around to see Adam standing by the counter glaring at him. "That is no way to talk to a customer! I knew I should have listened to Nigel. He said you were driving customers away!" Adam apologized to the man and offered him the book free of charge before running back to his office.

Will sighed, "Adam! Oh, come on. Don't be like that, it's not my fault!"

Will heard a cough behind him before hearing the door close. An offensive hundred dollar bill laid on the counter next to the book. "OH COME ON!"

"Hello, Nigel" Hannibal greeted his twin with a outreached hand. Nigel grunted and turned to unlock the door.

"What did you do this time?"

Hannibal glared and returned his hand back to his side. "I could ask you the same thing. You're not usually this non-receptive"

"Yeah?" He threw the door open, flinching as it slammed against the wall. They walked inside "That's because I know what you're doing. I don't need to deal with your shit right now", handing over the apartment keys, he went back to the open door. "I'll be your fucking alibi for whatever you are doing but I'm not hanging out with you for two weeks. See you later, man".

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere"

"Oh then why don't I come with?"

"Fuck no, what did I just say?"

"I'm not going to sit in this filthy apartment for two weeks by myself"

Filthy?! "I wasn't the one that invited myself over, now did I?"

Hannibal harrumphed "I called ahead"

"30 minutes ahead"

"I could just follow you"

"Or I could bust your knee with a bullet and then you'll really have something to do" He palmed the outline of his gun underneath his clothing. He regretted having to keep himself armed around his brother, but the last time they got into an argument and he wasn't...well, he didn't want to revisit that.

"...if only I had consumed you in the womb when I had the chance"
Nigel flipped him off . "Do that again, Nigel, and I'm going to break that finger"

"Go to hell, Hannibal!" Nigel said and then slammed the door.

Alone again, Hannibal surveyed his surroundings. He would have many opportunities to spy on his younger twin but for now he had plans for a certain cashier.

Nigel opened the door and met a dreary atmosphere. "Hey, Nigel" Will turned to him behind the counter

"What the hell happened here? You'd think you'd find more cheer in a graveyard"

"Just an asshole customer"

"Mmhmm, really? An asshole customer or asshole cashier?"

Rolling his eyes, Will turned back to his computer. "An asshole customer, alright? There's a sub for you from Allie Joe's in the fridge for you. Adam made me get it for you at lunch"

Nigel laughed and leaned across the counter to ruffle his hair, "I also find that hard to believe. I think you got it for me out of the kindness of your heart. I know there's a nice person inside you. You just have to let it be free" Will glared at him. "I hope you choke on that sub"

"Thanks for lunch, Will" Leaving behind a fuming Graham is never a good idea, but he would take his chances for a free lunch. He was starving.

"Hey, Baby Blue. I heard there was an asshole customer earlier today, do you want me to take care of it or..oh, Adam what's wrong darling?" Adam lifted his head from his desk. His eyes were rimmed red. He put his head back on his desk. "There wasn't an asshole customer today"

"Oh...so it was Will?" He could hear Adam whine into his arms. "I don't want to fire my brother"

"Do- do you even pay your brother?" Nigel sat himself down, unveiling his sandwich.

"He gets paid in room and board"

"Darling", Nigel put down his sub and scooted his chair to swing his arm across Adam's shoulders and lifted his darling's head, "I'm not going to tell you to fire your brother, but you either need to talk to him or your going to end up in a fist fight. And then I'll end up in a fist fight with him cause, no offense, he has more upper body strength than you and would probably kick your ass and I can't let that fly"

"Niiiiigeeeel, I don't want you to fight my brother!" Adam's face broke out into a smile

"I don't want to either baby blue but I won't have a choice in this"

Adam grunted before nuzzling into Nigel's neck. "But I don't like confrontation. I can't do it"

"And I can't always talk for you. He's family, Adam, he'll understand. If you can't trust family...you can only trust me" He moved back and continued eating his sub.

Marrow

Chapter Summary

Hannibal goes a lurking, Nigel's aching for a fighting, and Will's the only one with some common sense.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Let's go, Adam. We can let Will close tonight. He can handle it"

"But I always help Will close. I need to count down the register"

"Don't worry about it. He needs to earn back the money he lost you today. Let's hit the road, I'm starving"

Adam turned from his compute and frowned at him, "You ate four hours ago"

"Honey, I could have eaten again 3 hours ago. Come on" They packed up and left. Nigel tried to say goodbye to Will but earned a glare for his troubles. From both twins, no less. Sometimes he considered them more trouble than they were worth. Then he looked at Adam's ass as he's climbed into his car and considered otherwise. He followed and they fell into a peaceful silence.

Turning the corner, Adam eyes lit up and nudged Nigel. "Hey, that's the customer from earlier"

"Oh, really" Nigel smiled. "Yeah, I remember his face because he looked a lot like you" His heart stopped a beat. "...what?"

"I always thought that the probability of meeting somebody of your exact phenotype was highly unlikely but he had the same hair color, eye color, build, but he didn't have a tattoo like you do so-" Adam's words blurred together. He abruptly turned the car around, rousing rounds of car horns and cursing.

"Wha-What are you doing!?"

"I'm sorry, darling, but I think I forgot something back at the store"

Hannibal couldn't possible be planning to...could he? Well, of course he could but while he's laying low...Who the fuck would pull something like that?

This wasn't the first time that Nigel contemplated what the hell was wrong with his brother. From the young age of seven, he still remembered Hannibal cutting up dead squirrels and bugs. He was textbook psychopath and Nigel was done with it. Not that he was a star citizen either, but he knew better than to fuck with crazy.

The car jerked to a stop in front of the bookstore. "Darling, can you do me a favor and look in the office for my wallet on the desk?" Nigel turned in his seat to reach in the back for his phone and went straight to his contacts, calling Hannibal's cell.

"Your wallet? Are you sure it's not in your pocket? Sometimes, when I lose things, I forget that I placed them in my pocket-"

"I've already checked them, Baby Blue, now can you go inside for me?" Adam's face scrunched up, confused. "Bu-but why don't you go inside for it. You would know where it would be more than I"

"Just go inside the fucking store, Adam!" He slammed his fist onto the wheel, screaming out in frustration. "I never fucking ask you twice, do I?! Fuck!" Breathing heavily, he kept his eyes downcast. He could practically hear the tears stream down Adam's face along with his whimpers. After moments of terse silence, he heard the slam of the car door. He brought his head to rest on the wheel and sighed, "fuck me".

"-ving, brother. I wasn't expecting a call from you" He held the phone to his face, more pissed off than he's ever felt before. His world went red.

"Where the fuck are you, you stupid cunt. I know you can see me"

"..."

"Hannibal?" He looked at the screen in shock. "You asshole!" Hannibal Lecter. Call ended. Duration - 0:13 seconds. Nigel jumped out of his car, looking around at the surroundings and yelled "Get the fuck out here, you damn psychopath!" He waited a full minute before he saw Hannibal walking towards him from across the street. His face was hardened and his eyes black, making his pupils nearly indistinguishable. He looked like he was considering a thousand ways to tear Nigel apart. "How did you know I was here?" Lucky for him, Nigel was also itching for a fight.

"Adam saw you"

Hannibal's head twitched to the side."And who is Adam?"

"The brother of the fucking sorry cunt you were stalking tonight...Where did you park?"

"...two blocks away" Hannibal's head whipped to the side from the force of Nigel's fist. Adrenaline pumping, Nigel shook his hand before taking a stance.

Hannibal snarled and wiped the blood from his lips."I'm going to enjoy drinking the marrow from your bones"

Nigel smirked, "You're going to have to break me first"

"Adam? What are you doing here? I thought you and Nigel went home already"

Adam was breathing hard and hiccuping with the force of trying to maintain control.

"Oh, Adam...are you ok?" Adam felt his brother's presence beside him and his lip quivered. Will was right. They're relationship wasn't going to last. Nigel hated him...but if he couldn't be with Nigel then who else would he be with? He didn't want anybody else. Nobody else could do what Nigel did. He would be alone for the rest of his life.

"No...our relationship is over!"

Will's eyes almost bulged out of his sockets. "What? There's no way that's happening. Nigel is crazy about you. Hell, maybe even a little too crazy about you"

Adam looked at his brother in distress, "Bu-but that doesn't sound good either".

"I mean he adores you and I don't believe for a second that he ended you're guys' relationship...or did you end it?" Adam shakily shook his head. Lowering to the ground, he let himself cry. "Well, then what did happen? Did you guys have a fight...he didn't hit you, did he?"

"No, h-he yelled at-at me"

"Oh....well, nearly everybody yells at somebody they love occasionally. It doesn't have to mean that your relationship is over. It just means that you two had an argument"

"But I-I didn't yell at him. I ne-never yell at anyone"

"What are you talking about? You just yelled at me earlier today"

"But not like how he yelled at me. Tha-that was different. You drove a-away a customer"

"Yeah, that was different. That customer was being an asshole"

"Yo-you're being an as-asshole!"

"See! You're yelling at me now" Adam stood back up and turned his back to his brother. If Will didn't want to understand then he didn't need him to. He would just have to live alone for the rest of his life. "I'm going home"

"Come on, Adam. Don't be like this" He reached out for his brother and held his shoulder, keeping him from leaving the store.

"You're not supposed to yell at your partner though. It's ok if it's your sibling"

"Why would you think that?"

"Well, mom and dad never yelled at each other. But you and I yelled at each other all the time when we were kids"

"That's because they were estranged. They didn't care enough about each other to even look in each other's direction much less yell at each other"

"Oh, but..." Adam turned back. His eyes doe-like and his mouth in a pout, "...he scared me". And then Will sighed, "I can't believe I'm going to stand up for this guy...I think you should talk to him again"

"Why?"

"He's an intimidating guy, that's for sure, but he's also the nicest person I've seen you with. He rarely gets short with you and he's highly accommodating. It's probably a good thing that this happened now rather than later. He doesn't seem like the type to let people walk all over him. I'm surprised this hasn't happened sooner, actually"

"Walk all over?"

"Um, it's an idiom used to talk about pushovers" Adam's face remained blank. "A person that doesn't have enough self-confidence to have their own opinions and motivations when countered against their partner's"

"Oh...he's not going to keep changing, is he?"

"He might, people show different parts of their personality after they've known each other for a while. He could turn into a completely different person. Which I don't think he will"

"But I'm not any different. I've always been me"

"I know, you're a real catch in that aspect. Just talk to him. He's seems like a genuine guy. I'm sure there's something else going on. It probably doesn't even involve you. But if he does turn out to be a complete jerk, you can leave him anytime. You know that, right? I'll always be there for you, even if you don't want me to be"

Will smiled, finally seeing his brother's face brighten up again. Adam scrubbed his eyes and replied, "How do you know so much about relationships? You've never had a relationship that lasted more than a few months...Is it because of your empathy disorder?"

"Ouch, but yes, you're right. I've had a lot of opportunities to observe people...so do you think Nigel is still outside?"

Adam's eyes widened remembrance. "Ah, I almost forgot!" He went running to the back office to search for Nigel's wallet. Maybe their relationship wasn't over then and he didn't have to live alone for the rest of his life. He was so greatly relieved; he almost felt like laughing.

Chapter End Notes

One chapter at a time, I will get this done. Hope you guys like it. :D

Cat Fight

Chapter Summary

Nigel and Hannibal hash it out.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Two predators faced off one another. Both opposing forces that had been circling each other for years long before this moment.

With his lips curled, Nigel strikes first. He went straight for Hannibal's gut. A brazen move that would leave himself open to Hannibal's teeth if his fist hit doesn't land. But he was tired of being wary of the monster that was his twin. The moment he hears a sigh of pain, he went to elbow the murderous look off his brother's face.

Blood flew and Hannibal fell. He quickly rolled away and picked himself up to gather himself together again. They met eyes and Hannibal charged him. Taken aback by Hannibal's strength, Nigel grunts as he was thrown into his car's door. Hands take his head and smash it into the window until it starts to crack.

Nigel's vision begins to blur. Rage overwhelms him as he reverts to basic animal instincts and tries to break the bones in Hannibal's arm through the sheer power of his own hands. He feels a rush of pleasure from the sound of Hannibal's scream, and he knows he has succeeded. In retaliation, Hannibal swings his other arm and breaks his nose. Of course the bastard would be ambidextrous.

Backing away from each other, the two men consider the possibility of stopping. Their injuries are debilitating. Hannibal's left arm is fractured and Nigel is certainly concussed with a broken nose. But the thought is fleeting and Nigel's beast couldn't handle the though of accepting defeat. This would be finished only when one of them was dead.

"Hmph" Shivers run down his back as Hannibal's shoulders began to shake. The motherfucker was laughing. A moment ago, he was fully ready to tear his throat out and now he was laughing, walking towards him like he was happy to see him.

His face turned red as he raged. "The fuck is wrong with you?!", but Hannibal just kept laughing. "Did I knock a bolt loose in that fucked up head of yours"

He almost flinched, when Hannibal reaches out to him,. "Brother"

"Are you fucking bi-polar?! Don't come fucking near me!"

"Brolis"

"No! I'm not playing your fucking mind games!" A hand takes him by the shoulder. "I said don't fucking come near me!" He pushes him away.

Hannibal's head twitches to the right, concerned, "Did you think I was going to kill you? That I was capable of killing my own flesh and blood?"

Nigel stopped short. "You threatened to drink my bone marrow"

"Word play"

"You slammed my head into my car window"

"I will admit that perhaps I went a tad bit too far with that move. I was a bit upset that you imposed yourself between myself and my evening plans...Were you intending on killing me?"

"Yes...don't tell me that you weren't"

"I would never" His gaze was stern. "Tu esi mano brolis"

Nigel almost turned red with shame. He had never considered that his brother had felt this way. He had thought Hannibal was the type of man without boundaries. Much like himself. Survival was of the utmost importance.

Hannibal kept talking, "Is this why you never visit me? Why even after five years of separation you can't stand the sight of me?"

"You broke my window with my fucking head, you asshole!"

"And you broke my arm. I find it hard to see the difference between your actions and mine"

Silence encumberred them. Hannibal looked like he wanted to say more but was stopped short by something he saw behind Nigel. Or someone.

"Oh my-fucking-What the hell happened?!" Nigel turned to see Adam and Will staring at them.

"Ah, fuck me"

Will knew there was something fucked up about that guy. Although, at this current moment in time he couldn't tell if he was talking about Nigel or that weird customer from earlier. Now that he looks at them together, he couldn't believe that he didn't immediately see the relation between these two. They were identical twins...

....but Hannibal looked like he was from a whole other world. How could these two exist in the same universe? It was almost inconceivable but the more he observed the more he could see it. Both of them were bloody. Their fists were bruised and their bodies hunched. Each attempted to hide their vulnerabilities from the other. It was as disturbingly wretched as much as it was horrifyingly beautiful.

"Nigel?" Adam turned his head, looking between Nigel and Will. His heart dropped into the pit of his stomach as he starred at his lovers mangled face.

"Ah, baby". This was never a side of himself that he wanted his darling to see. "Go back inside, baby blue. I'll come and get you when this is over"

"Why is your nose bleeding?"

"Don't worry about it, darling. I need you to wait for me inside now, ok?"

"Ok"

"What? No, no, no, it's definitely not ok." Will grabs Adam and keeps him from going inside.

"What the hell is going on here? And why is that" Will points his finger in Hannibal's face, "asshole here?"

"Well, I think you can figure that out for your fucking self" Nigel wasn't particularly up to dealing with Will's shit at the current moment.

"Your face looks like its been through a shredder."

"Damn it Will, I'm trying not to stress Adam out"

"Don't pretend that's what this is about"

Nigel took Will by the arm and shoved him to the side. "I don't have time for this" He maneuvers his darling into his car and turns back to Hannibal. "And stay the fuck away from us"

He turns back to Will before stepping into the car. "Get in Will"

"Why the hell would I do that?"

"Because I'm offering your sorry ass a ride. Get IN"

"No, fuck off! There's something fishy going on between you and 'bizarro' Nigel over there and I want to know why"

"Family issues. Now leave it"

"Sorry to break it to you but you're family now so it's my issue now as well"

"Family?" Will almost shocked from hearing the fourth man talk. He had been keeping silent so far. "So that must be Adam", he said looking at Adam in the car. "I feel terrible that this is how are first meeting has occured. I, myself, also greatly value family"

"Shut up, Hannibal. You're so full of shit"

"Hannibal?" Will asks, "Like after Hannibal of Carthage?"

"More like Hannibal Lecter the eighth of Lithuania"

Will's eyes blinked a few times, "That's more pretentious than I ever could have imagined"

"I prefer to think of it as refined"

Nigel grunted. "Let's go Will"

"You know, I would be glad to give Will a ride home myself"

"ir tavo automobilis?"

Hannibal's face drew blank. He had momentarily forgotten about his car. He could perhaps procure an explanation for their confrontation but not on the specifics. He grew frustrated with himself, thinking about his clumsiness in handling this situation. But he drastically felt more insecure knowing that Nigel would be the voice of influence about his person to two people unfamiliar to him.

He didn't often leave loose ends untied and, when he did, he could always come back for them later. However, now that Nigel has proclaimed these two as family members, things could get a bit awkward. He would need to stay here longer than he first proposed to. At first, he simply needed a place to hide out while the search for Miriam Lass cooled off but now he had no choice but to stay to take care of a few things. Meanwhile, Will became more and more wary of the twins.

While Nigel was glaring at his brother, Will taps him on the shoulder and takes the keys out of his hands. "I'm going to take Adam home and we're going to wait for you to come back. But not until morning, got that?"

Nigel tries to protest, "But-"

"It's not up to negotiation, Nigel. Look at Adam" They both turn to look at Adam in the car. His body was hunched over in the seat with his shoulders shaking. They turn back to face each other. "And you need to resolve this situation here. I don't know what's going on here but we don't need this back-lashing on Adam. He doesn't need this right now"

"And you think I do? I have a fucking broken nose"

"And Adam's spiraling into a panic attack" Will gets into the car, "Resolve this. Then we can talk" he then closes the door and drives off. The twins quickly jump out of the way to avoid being run over.

"He's a feisty little man, isn't he" Hannibal comments, "What do you propose we do now?"

Nigel sighed, "Where's your car?"

His head nods in the direction and they leave together to lick their wounds.

Chapter End Notes

Wow, it's been a while since I've updated this. I actually had a good portion of this chapter written and then my computer lost all of it for some reason so I had to rewrite it. Then there was some other issues I had to deal with but the main thing is that I have this chapter finished and I'm actually currently working on chapter 4. I should be able to finish it today or tomorrow so I'll upload it this weekend. I'm trying to write a bit each day so that I can get this series finished. It's a pet peeve of mine when my favorite stories are left incomplete so I refuse to leave this work unfinished. I'm going to try to crank these out so don't lose hope :)
I hope you guys liked this chapter.

Folie à deux

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Nigel continue to hash it out

Adam didn't think he could possibly ever feel worse.

It's nearing midnight and his brother fell sleep on his bed. After Will had driven him home, he had helped him calm down and took him to his room to turn on his projector. They had spent hours talking. Or at least, Will had spent hours talking. He was very insistent that none of this was his fault. Which didn't make much since because, of course, none of this was his fault. It was that man, Hannibal. He had shown up earlier today at the store, and Adam's day has been ruined since.

Now, Nigel still wasn't home, and he has never felt more alone. He thought the death of his father would be the worse feeling he would ever experience. But at least that kind of pain was simple. He knew how his father died and why. He knew exactly where he was buried and how much it had cost. There wasn't this feeling of uncertainty like now.

Nobody was telling him anything. Everyone just wants to protect "poor" Adam. Well, poor Adam's getting tired of it.

Making a decision, Adam stands up and silently leaves the room. He moves lightly, trying not to wake up Will. He takes his coat and shoes and exits his apartment to make his way to Nigel's. His decides first to call Nigel's phone, but it goes straight to voicemail. Regardless, he's made his mind to go to Nigel's apartment anyway. There was no guarantee that he would find him there but Adam had all night to search. He will go to Darko's next if he needs to.

Either way, Adam wasn't going to go to sleep without figuring out where everything went wrong.

"You taint everything. You're like a disease" Nigel and Hannibal were back at his apartment. The drive back was quiet and extremely tense as neither said a word until the door shut behind them.

Hannibal ignores him and leaves the room to return with a first aid kit. He pulls out two chairs from the table in the dining room and motions Nigel to sit down.

"You're mad if you think I'm going to let you touch me"

"I am not under any assumption that you would let me do so. I know very well that you can dress your own wounds, but we need to talk and there is no better time then here and now". He tilts his head and smirks, "It is also a good position for me to supervise you and your self-treatment".

Nigel gazes at him warily, unsure of his brother's motivations. He eventually seats himself, but not before grabbing his gun and placing it on the table. Hannibal's eyes follow the movement with surprise.

"I didn't know you carried"

"Of course I do. I always carry. You know what kind of business I run. Besides, I threatened you with it earlier"

"I thought you were joking"

They meet eyes for nth time that night. He knew what Hannibal really wanted to say, why didn't Nigel just shoot him? But Hannibal has always had problems with being straightforward with people. Because no matter what he pretends to be, his brother doesn't trust anybody. Even his own family. Which made the end of their fight even more confusing for Nigel. Why did he stop? Was it the public street? Did he see Will before Nigel did and he didn't want any witnesses?

"It was just you and me...if Adam was there or Darko, the gun would have been the first thing that I used but it was just you and me. I wouldn't kill you in such a way just like you wouldn't kill me by poisoning your 'food'. We play on even fields"

Hannibal goes to take off his jacket before he sits down, but with his broken arm the attempt is clumsy and stilted. Nigel takes pity on him and helps him remove it, along with pretentious vest, tie, and shirt. The skin was blackened where the break had occurred and a formidable bump was already forming. It looks as ugly as he's sure it is painful.

They sit down together and Nigel opens the kit to find more tools than an emergency room has. "This is a first aid kit?"

Hannibal looks at him mockingly, "For me it is."

"What the fuck? This looks like morphine? Is that anesthetic?" Hannibal shoves his hands away and started to prepare a needle for his arm. "Hey, can you take care of that by yourself? I have people that can handle your arm" He was instantly met with a glare.

"I'm entirely capable of handling my own injuries"

He puts his hands up, deflecting away the gaze, "Fine, I'm just saying that I know places that don't ask questions"

"And I'm quite confident in that they don't ask for M.D certificates either. I would prefer to know that my injury was taken care of by an actual professional"

"You haven't practiced in years"

"I haven't forgotten years of medical practice either"

"Whatever" He pulls out a cigarette and lighter. "Just trying to help"

"...thank you" A brief silence appears while Nigel smokes. It feels like an eternity since his last smoke.

"You're going to have to set your nose back"

"I know"

"You're going to have to do it soon"

"I know"

"It'll be more painful if you wait longer"

"You haven't set yours yet, so fuck off" Nigel jolts when Hannibal suddenly jumps from his seat and reaches for his face. He anchors the back of his head in the bend of his forearm and shoulder and uses his uninjured hand to twist his nose back into the proper configuration. Blood begins to pour freely from his nose again.

He yells at the suddenness of his pain and pushes Hannibal off of him. He uses his brother's long-sleeved shirt to staunch the bleeding. "You could have warned me, subine! What'd you do that for?"

His face darkened, seeing his shirt being used in such an undignified manner. "I expect the favor in return"

"Wha-? You mean setting your fucking arm, čiulpk bibi, you have fucking morphine you dumb fag! You just damn near torn my nose off!"

Hannibal smirks again, seeming very pleased with himself. "I do have sadistic personality traits"

"Sliundra, I should wait for that shit to wear off and then break your fucking arm again"

"I haven't taken any morphine yet"

"Oh, really?" A smile comes unbidden to his face.

A couple of hours later, they are still sitting at the table. Their wounds are dressed but some force compels them to stay. Neither knew how to start the conversation. Eventually Hannibal

starts to speak, "You care very dearly for your partner"

Cigarettes already litter the ash tray on the table but he's tempted to light another one in lieu of this conversation. "Of course I do. I'm always crazy about love"

"Yes, you are but like many possessive narcissists you tend to grow obsessive with your infatuation and then quickly grow bored with it. Similar to a toddler with a toy. What I saw earlier today was different"

"But I'm still just as crazy with this one as any other"

"Yes, but you allowed him to leave. With another man, at that"

"His brother"

"Obviously, but you would not have allowed Gabriella to leave without her pointing a gun at your head"

He was shocked to realize that this was true. He would have never let Gabi storm without her needing to threaten him. "And you're interested in this because?"

"I am always interested in how my younger brother is doing"

"We haven't talked in years"

"You haven't talked to me in years"

"We agreed to stay away from each other"

"You agreed to that. I never desired to be away from you"

"I couldn't be around you. You were unstable. You think you were always so calm and collected?!" He nearly stood from his seat, "You would have killed me if given the excuse"

A fist slammed on the table, "Never would I have killed my own brother!"

"You really don't remember do you?

"Remember what specifically? I recall taking care of you when the orphanage couldn't. I recall protecting you and feeding you while I starved"

"Oh yeah, I truly felt safe when you had your hands around my neck"

"What are you talking about?"

"You had night terrors. That's why they shut you up in that attic. You would howler and scream for hours and the rest of the day you wouldn't say a word. One night I tried to comfort you. In return, you tried to choke the life out of me"

"I..have no memories of this"

"What about Uncle Robert's? Are you really going to say that you don't remember any of that?! I would find dead animal carcasses throughout the grounds. You know how many of those damn things I had to bury to hide the fact that you were so fucked up?" Too many times. There was once a small girl that visited their home in France. She was spunky, bright, and had the smallest poodle that would follow her everywhere. Nigel was infatuated with her until he found the poodle dead in his bed. At first he thought it was merely sleeping. It looked peaceful but it's body was cold and limb when he went to pick it up. He was never able to speak to Becky again. Not after having to bury that poor girl's dog in their back yard.

Before that, he never knew for certain if Hannibal was fully there when these things happened but, after that, he didn't care. There was something lurking in his brother that he didn't want anything to do with. They were separated from each other when they went to boarding school. He tried to put as much distance from his brother as he could and eventually the teachers even encouraged it. Hannibal was a genius while Nigel was a fuck up. He smoked in the stairwell and sneaked into the girl's dorm at night. His twin was the star pupil, skipping grades and graduating at the age of 16.

"I remember the butcher. I don't remember any animals"

"Fucking Pragaras. Are you fucking kidding me?"

"I do not remember any of this Nigel. Why would I lie to you?"

"You lie to fucking everyone! Why would you not lie to me?"

"Because I never did!" His voice is strained, "Maybe I have failed you in some regard but I always tried to take care of you. You, on the other hand, tried to leave me the first chance you had"

"I had to. I was terrified of you"

"Is that what you tell yourself when the darkness slithers by? I may have holes in my mind, but I know it wasn't me that you were afraid of. I have a suspicion that your fear not only remained once you left me but it grew. The darkness remained with you because it's as much a part of you as it is a part of me"

"I know I'm messed up but I'm not your kind of sickness"

They return to silence once again until they both jump at the sound of knocking at the door. "Expecting company?" Hannibal asks. He ignores him and walks to answer the door.

"Adam?" His darling looked cold and miserable but determined. "What are you doing here?"

A Delightful Surprise

Chapter Summary

Adam comes over.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I can't sleep"

"Darling, I'm not sure you should be here right now" Nigel tries to direct Adam away from his brother's line of sight.

"Nigel, who is it?" Hannibal's voice calls from the living room.

"Oh, is that the man from before? Will said it was your brother" Adam shoves his way in and walks over to Hannibal. He looks like a lamb standing before a lion. Speaking of Lions, when did Nigel start letting people push him around? "Hello, my name is Adam Raki. I am your brother's romantic partner" He holds out his hand to Hannibal. Whom seems very pleased to accept it.

"My, my Nigel. Your partner is very respectable. Much better than the last one"

"Yes, I have not cheated on Nigel with his employee through the act of fellatio" Hannibal's eyes widen, unexpectedly relishing in this new specimen before him. He looks at his brother again and back to Adam, "That is new information but I look forward to getting to know you better" He tries to bring his hand to his mouth but Nigel slaps his brother's hand away and moves Adam behind him again.

Hannibal continues to talk anyway, "I am terribly disheartened that you haven't told me about your old darling Gabi, Nigel. I have to learn this information from other people"

"Let's not get into this right now. If you're going to stay here and continue to be a pain in my ass do you mind leaving us alone for a bit?"

"Not at all" He smiles, nods to Adam, and then turns to clean up the table before making his way out of the room.

"And don't you dare leave this apartment" Nigel calls out to his brother's retreating back.

"I wouldn't dream of it, dear brother"

They are alone but Nigel can still feel the weight of his brother's presence on him. He shakes his head and shoulders, as if to throw it off, and looks back at Adam. His darling has never looked more shaken before. His eyes are bloodshot and darkened underneath. If he didn't curse his brother before, he is definitely doing so now.

He takes Adam into his arms without a second thought. One hand guides Adam's head into the dip of his shoulder while the other wraps around his waist to ground him. The contact acts as a form of release. The instant they touch Adam feels like he can finally relax and let the tears flow. His body both tenses and loosens with the patterns of sounds that escape his throat.

How did it get so bad in such a short time span? Hours earlier they were laughing and, hours before that, they were fucking. And now? Well, Adam felt like he would rather not have had this day happen at all.

"Are you hurt?", Adam looks up at Nigel's face. Before he couldn't see much underneath the blood and grime, but up close he can see all of the bruises and cuts on his lover's body.

"I'm fine, baby blue"

"Who is that man? Hannibal? He is your brother, right? Why haven't you mentioned him before and why were you guys fighting?"

"Wow baby blue, slow down. I haven't talked to that fucker in five years, that's why I haven't mentioned him. He called me up out of the blue this morning and I had to let him stay here. He's a fucking psycho but he's family so..."

"So he's like Will?"

"What? No, why would he be anything like Will?"

"Well, you call Will a psycho sometimes. But you also call Darko a psycho too. So I maybe you don't actually know what that terms means in English. It's a slang term used to describe a person who is mentally unstable or afflicted with--"

Nigel stops him short, "Believe me, Adam. I know what psycho means in English. I am very familiar with it and the types of people associated with it. But I'm not using it endearingly when I say that my brother is psychotic"

"Is that why you two were fighting earlier? Before that, you were unusually upset. You don't usually yell. Or you don't usually yell at me"

"And I'm sorry about that darling, I really am but..." Nigel backs up a bit and rubs the back of his neck, wanting desperately to change the topic of conversation. How did you tell somebody that your brother was planning on killing their brother? You fucking don't. "...Just don't worry about it" He pulls Adam back towards himself. "What are you doing here by yourself? Where's Will? Did he drive you here?"

"No, I drove here"

"But you don't drive. Do you even have your license?"

"No, but I've seen you, Will, and Harlan drive so I figured it out. And Will took your car so I thought that if I drove it here then you could drive me back later. And then you would have your car"

"You're too sweet to me"

"It's just practicality"

"Practical for me, not for you. You didn't have to come here to do that"

"But I didn't come here to bring you your car, I came because I can't sleep without you now"

"Oh, is that the only reason?" Nigel felt a little stab in his heart hearing that. "Is that the only reason why we're together? Did I bother you enough that I just became so much a part of your routine that you couldn't cut me out of it?"

Adam looks at him and then looks away. His voice turns angry, "That's not at all what I said. Why would you say that? Yo-you were the one that yelled at me earlier. You were--"

"Then what am I to you?" He forces him to meet his eyes again. He knows his darling doesn't like eye contact, but he needs this. He can't, won't, accept anything unless he can see the truth of it in his baby blue's eyes.

Adam's eyes dart around frantically until they land on his own and stay there. "You're, you are like...like a part of me" That clinched it. Nigel was never going to let Adam go.

"Darling, I'm never going to leave you if you keep saying things like that" One last final warning.

"Then don't. I don't want you to ever leave me..." Their mouths meet in a clash of need and groans. He takes Adam by the hips and drags him up onto the table. Chairs tumble to the ground, and he's pretty sure he can hear a door close down the hall. But he doesn't have the mind to care about that now.

Adam is whining and squirming, trying to find release against his body. Nigel scrapes his teeth against his collar bone while ripping the buttons off of Adam's shirt.

If Adam didn't know that it was impossible, he could swear that Nigel's hands were everywhere. Bruising his hips, tugging his hair, grabbing his ass, meanwhile he could only pull at Nigel's shirt in a poor attempt to tug it off. Nigel eventually notices his predicament and has pity on him. He rushes to pull his shirt off over his head and throws it to the other side of the room. Afterwards, he proceeds to unbuckle Adam's jeans and lifts his body off the table to pull them down to his knees. Impatiently, he manhandles his body and bends him over the table.

Nigel goes straight for his ample ass and kisses each pearly cheek before spreading them. He stares for a few moments before hearing his darling whine at his absence. He responds by leaning in to lick the already twitching rosebud and Adam screams. His knees are still

trapped by his jeans, and he can only use his hands to find Nigel's hair and yank. His darling has always been very needy.

He slides his fingers in, one at a time, along side his tongue. After the third finger, he steps back. Adam's body has gone pliant, exhausted from fighting the pleasure throbbing through his body.

He leans and whispers in his ear, "Wait here for me darling" and he walks into the kitchen to grab some lube and condoms that he keeps hidden throughout the apartment.

He returns and his baby hasn't moved a muscle. Nigel groans, looking at his blissed out darling and reaches down to unzip his own jeans. He's rock hard and he's almost afraid to put touch his own dick to put the condom on, least he blow his load right then and there. He lubes up his cock and smears some lube on Adam's asshole before finally removing Adam's jeans completely. He turns Adam around onto his back and lift his legs to rest on his shoulder. At last, he finally slides into him.

"Niiiiigel. Ah-ahhh" Adam moans and his face scrunches up. They look at each other when Nigel is finally seated fully within him. Their hips start to rock and pivot. Steadily their speed increases as they begin to kiss each other again. The table legs scrap against the floor with the strength of Nigel's thrusts. Their combined noises garner a round of knocking from Nigel's next door neighbor on his wall but neither care enough to pay much attention to it. If anything, it challenges Nigel to go harder.

"Come on, darling. Say my name again", he gasps out. His own grunts and moans almost make it hard to listen but he can hear Adam start to chant his name. "Niiiii-Niiigeellll"

"Louder-ahh-Darling. Don't be shy". His hips pump even harder than they both thought possible. "Cum for me baby"

"NIIIGEELLL! OHHHHH" He's nearly screaming by the time Nigel finds release inside of him. His own release sticks uncomfortably between them on their abdomens.

They are left panting and sated. Adam whimpers as Nigel pulls out of him, ties the condom off, and throws it in the general direction of his kitchen bin. He has just enough energy to pick up Adam and place him on the couch before he falls asleep on top of him.

When the noises quiet down, Hannibal feels comfortable enough to leave his room. He has already redressed and tidied up. His splint is skillfully hidden beneath his clothes. He walks past the sleeping couple and mildly scrunches his nose at the smell of sex in the air. He has already known that his brother lacked control over his more fleshly desires and the sight of his naked body reaffirms this.

Hannibal walks past them and stealthily opens and closes the door behind him. He locks the door softly and turns. But for the first time, in a long time he is shocked. Ten feet away from him is that twitchy little man from before. His plans quickly take a drastic change.

"Oh, um. Is Adam here?" He is less aggressive now than before. Maybe it's because of the time of day. He must surely be exhausted from the previous day's experiences. He certainly looks it with the bags underneath his eyes and his shaggy hair.

"Uh, yes. He is but I don't think this would be an appropriate time for you to see him"

"Why not? He's my brother. He disappears in the middle of the night with a car that he doesn't even know how to drive. Am I supposed to just stand back and not do anything?" The fierce need to protect his brother is a very admirable trait in this man, if not a tad inconveninet.

"He is an adult. I'm sure he can handle himself"

"You don't know Adam"

"I know that he is on the spectrum. But that does not mean he is inept. He's my dear brother's partner. That alone tells me he is not somebody to trifle with"

"Well, I still want to go check on him" Will attempts to move past Hannibal but is stopped. "How about we go somewhere private and allow them some privacy. I have a feeling they have had a lack of that for quite a while now"

Will halts for a bit and looks into his eyes for the first time since they met. There is something striking about them that Hannibal can't ignore. "Are you insinuating that I'm constantly trying to cock block that horn dog brother of yours?"

Hannibal taps the side of his nose with his pointer finger and smiles at him. Will cracks a smile and chuckles at the sight. "Alright. Why not?"

He directs Will to his car, and they drive off. Will becomes a bit awkward, sitting in his car. Almost as if this would be the first time in a while that he would be alone with someone else besides his brother.

"So...where were you thinking of going?"

"Let's leave that up to a chance. We'll go to what we see first" Hannibal looks at Wil again and smiles. "Today seems like a good day for surprises"

Chapter End Notes

I did not think I would end up writing a sex scene and would have to change the rating of this story but ah welp. I was so embarrassed writing that scene. I almost kept closing

my laptop mid writing, trying to hide my shame. Not that I live with anybody that could see it anyway. Hope you guys liked this chapter.

He's Cute

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will share some personal time, and they create some great memories together.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will and Hannibal stop at the first open coffee shop that they see. It certainly was not up to Hannibal's standards. The walls were stained and the air smelt of grease, but they served coffee. And where they served coffee, Will was more than happy to purchase it. Or ,in this circumstance, make Hannibal pay for it. - "Well if you can afford to throw around one-hundred dollar bills, then I'm sure you can afford to buy me a two dollar cup of coffee"

"I would consider it to be my pleasure" Hannibal smiles and orders for the both of them after being seated. It is only due to politeness that he orders a coffee from himself. He wishes to put Will at ease and that will require a few sacrifices of his own comfort.

They wait in silence until their order arrives. "Thank you", Hannibal turns back to Will. "You seem very dedicated to your brother"

His eyes focus on his coffee and he sighs, "That didn't take you very long. Should I pay you now for the therapy session or afterwards?"

"I meant no offense. I can not keep a tight hold over my curiosity anymore than you can"

"Well that makes it all better then....We've been taking care of each other since we were kids"

"So he took care of you as well"

"I was...an awkward kid. We look exactly the same but we couldn't be more opposite. I see too much, he can't see enough...He was the only one I could stand being around until our parents separated. He never lied, was never full of bullshit, and was always straight forward"

"You both have different last names. Did your parents separate when you were young?"

Will startled, "How did you know that?"

Hannibal reaches into his pocket with his good arm and takes out a cell phone: Nigel's cell phone. "I may have taken a few liberties with my brother's things"

"Seems like I'm not the only one encroaching on my sibling's privacy"

"Indeed"

Silence encompasses them again. Will returns to his coffee while Hannibal is happy to observe him. He definitely differs from his brother but there are similarities. The man keeps his eyes lowered. Eye contact must be terribly uncomfortable for him. Only when Will is rude does he make glaring eye contact. It is somehow amusing rather than grating.

"When did you meet my dear brother?"

"Um-since the beginning, I guess" stirring his drink he replies, "I was with Adam since before they've started dating"

"Oh, I would have expected you to be protecting Adam rather than Nigel then".

"Yeah, well, Adam can handle himself, and I'm not going to stop him from doing what he wants. I've learned that lesson"

"You don't sound so certain of that. The words sound weak, even to yourself it sounds weak"

"Look, man, haven't you sated your 'curiosity' enough? I'm not here for some impromptu therapy session"

"Neither am I. We are merely two friendly acquaintances speaking on the behalf of our beloved ones. And considering Adam's and Nigel's relationship, we could even be considered brother-in-laws."

"Yeah, well, they haven't married yet so hold off on that"

"I am curious; however, how Nigel came to be accepted by you"

"My brothe-"

"No, I understand Adam's affection for my brother. They are both honest people in a World full of deceit and deception. But Nigel has fully immersed himself in that World and Adam is not aware of that"

"Are you trying to motivate me into separating our siblings away from each other?"

"That is the last thing I would want and no doubt Nigel would never stand for it. No..." Hannibal's concentration on Will is interrupted by the thought of the rage he would encounter if he were to attempt such a thing. "...I would be a fool to try to split them apart".

"Then what are you getting at? It sounds like you're bad mouthing your brother. Nigel's a good guy. He may not wear three-piece suits or fifty-thousand dollar watches but that doesn't make him lower than you."

"You are quite protective of Nigel"

"Like I said, he's a good guy"

"No, no he is not. And you know that. Now the question is...are you trying to protect him from me or from your own perceived image of him"

"I know who Nigel is" "But now I'm starting to wonder who you are. What kind of man reaps the kind of damage you do? Within 15 minutes, you beat your own brother black and blue"

"I suppose, I'm the kind of man that you are now associated with" Smirking, Hannibal raises his cup and takes a precarious sip. He was right about this place. It tastes God-awful.

The knife tears through the skin like paper, but the muscles and bones catch it like a waiting hand. He is gripped by the sudden urge to see if he can move the metal further throughout the man's abdomen, and so he does.

The dichotomies of the situation are not lost on him. Time moves both lightning fast and tediously slow as he tugs the knife upwards and out. He notes the similarities and differences between gutting a fish and gutting a man. It's a lot more heavier but the actions feel just as natural. He can't tell which part of him is responding to this situation. Is it him or one of the many countless murderers in his head?

In a blink of an eye, the moment is over. Blood is rushing in his ears, as the mugger falls to the ground in shock. The man's hands jerk back in forth, both wanting to cradle his insides and at not wanting to disturb them any more than necessary. His mouth moves to scream but before he has a chance Hannibal jumps on him. With scary precision, he raises the man's head and twists the neck with a loud snap. The man's suffering is over but Will's has just begun.

They had only just left the coffee shop, when they had heard a muffled scream in the alley nearby. Will rushed to the sound of distress and was met by smug hoodlum and his knife. Minutes later, the man lays dead on the ground and Hannibal is wiping finger prints off of the knife.

"Oh shit. What are we going to do? How does this fucking..." Will's breath quickens as he begins to panic, "How does this fucking happen?"

"Will"

"Of course this fucking happens." Failing to gather Will's attention, Hannibal grabs him by his shoulders. "I-I've just about had it with these crazy sons of bitches!"

"Is their a place we can go?"

"Um, Adam's apartment"

"Go wait in the car"

"What are we going to about?" He turns to look at the still corpse.

"I'll take care of it" Hannibal moves him towards the car and doesn't leave until he is sitting stiffly in the passenger seat. Will waits patiently and tries his best to regulate his breathing. It'll be ok. It'll be ok. It'll be o-. The driver's door opens and Hannibal reenters the car.

"What did you do with the.."

"I removed all evidence of our presence and left a sign of a local gang from this area. The man is a common mugger, the police will mark it up to a rival gang killing and will look no further. One less criminal off the streets"

They sit in silence for the rest of the ride. When they arrive at Adam's apartment, it's early in the morning. Will is both exhausted and too terrified to fall asleep. His hands won't stop shaking and yet Hannibal looks as peaceful as ever.

They enter the apartment and Will, hoping to forget the night, walks quickly to his room. But before he can rethink his actions, he turns back to his partner and asks, "What kind of man are you, Dr Hannibal Lecter?" They meet eyes and lock. His maroon eyes have never looked more lively than now.

"A man no worse than any other that you have met before"

"You're talking about Nigel, aren't you?"

Hannibal walks towards Will and raises his hands towards him. Will jolts before feeling a firm hand grasp his neck and hold it lightly. The thumb rubs gentle circles along his skin. He closes his eyes in apprehension. He hears Hannibal take a deep breath before he removes his hand from Will's neck and walks away.

"Did you just smell me?!"

"Goodnight, William"

Three miles away, two lovers resettle themselves in Nigel's bedroom. Both are relieved to be alone and alleviated of their brothers' hindrances.

Chapter End Notes

I know, it's been forever since I've last updated. It's been an interesting couple of months, I've moved to Germany and I've been traveling to the closest places I can by Flixbus to explore. So, as you can imagine, things have been a bit hectic. But here it is, I'll try to be a bit faster on the next chapter. :)

End Notes

It was only inevitable that Hannibal was going to show up and I can't regret that he did.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!